

Astrid the Video Game Mistress

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Summary: Still set in my modern AU-verse. Hiccup presents our tough girl with a challenge and hilarity ensues! Oneshot.

Astrid the Video Game Mistress

It was a rainy day in the neighborhood of Berk and Astrid was currently at her boyfriend Hiccup's house. They had saw the reactions of the reviewers who saw their most wonderful fanfic and needless to say, they cracked up. They both did not expect that coming.

Right now, Hiccup and his blonde, tough girlfriend were playing the multiplayer of Call of Duty on Hiccup's Xbox 360. "Ugh, goddamnit!" Hiccup cursed. Astrid had just beat him in another deathmatch.

"Yeah-uh! Thirty-six to zip!" she cheered. Hiccup narrowed his eyes. 'Hmph, girl thinks she all that.'

"How do you do it Astrid?"

She smirked. "What can I say? Maybe I'm just better than you." Astrid is now going on one of her famous ego trips. The brunet boy beside her rolled his eyes.

"Astrid, can we play a different game?"

"Why? Is wittle Hiccup scawed that big, mean Astwid's gonna kick his ass again?"

"No, it's just that-"

"Never took you for the sore loser type," Astrid interrupted. Hiccup scowled in response. 'I am not a sore loser! She just got lucky. Think Haddock think! Ohhhhhh, I got a great idea.' He ejected the game.

"Hey!" Astrid said outraged.

"Don't worry Astrid, we'll finish it later. So, you think you're all that, don't you?"

"Oh Hiccup, I know I'm all that."

"Ok." Hiccup then went to the home screen and highlighted one of his downloaded games; it read 'Silver Surfer.'

"Beat this game Astrid. Just try," Hiccup challenged. Astrid raised an eyebrow.

"Um, Hiccup-"

"No, no, no, you think you're all that, beat it. Unless you're too much of a wussy." Astrid flared up at that; no one called Astrid Phlegma Hofferson a wussy! NO ONE! She snatched the controller from Hiccup in anger.

"Bring it on, bitch!" she declared.

"Wait, wait! Before you do, this is one of the hardest games known to man. You think you can handle it?"

"Hmph, doesn't look so tough." And with that, she started up the game. It had the opening graphic of Silver Surfer reaching his hand out and the first cutscene. The game then went to the level select screen.

"Hmm...I'll go to the lizard guy stage," she said. The gameplay in the beginning wasn't too bad...right until Astrid touched a wall and died.

"The f**k? I can't touch the wall?!"

"Yep, you can't touch ANYTHING in this game."

"Should've told me that before," Astrid muttered. In spite of her first death, the blonde kept going. It wasn't long until she got her first game over.

"Too hard for ya, Astrid?"

"No, it's just a bad stage, I'm gonna go for the fire guy, maybe he's a lot easier."

The level loaded, and it put Astrid in a fire river. She looked at the gray area and thought she could fly over it; instead, she died.

"Oh, come on! How was I supposed to know you can't fly over it?!"

"Trial and error, babe. Trial and error."

"Screw it, I still got more lives. And don't call me babe!" Astrid managed to get further ahead in the stage, but died again because of a bullet that she couldn't see.

"One hit kills?!" Astrid raged. Hiccup nodded solemnly.

"One hit kills," he confirmed.

"This is bullshit!" the bombshell ranted.

"You could always give up," Hiccup coaxed.

"And give you the satisfaction? No way!"

Astrid tried again and again and again to try and beat Silver Surfer, at least one level. But the difficulty was insane; you can't touch anything, the screen auto-scrolls, the enemies are stronger than you, one hit deaths, tricky level design, etc. Through it all, Astrid persevered. And still did not get through one level.

"Grrrrrrragghhh!" Astrid fumed, nearly tearing her hair out, "I hate this game! How can anyone beat this game?"

"I don't know man," Hiccup admitted. "Still think you can beat it?"

Asrid thought for a minute; it had almost been an hour and she managed to die 54 times already. Did she really want to keep going through with this. 'No, it's not worth it.' She sighed and dropped the controller.

"I-I can't beat it," she whispered.

"What was that Astrid?"

"I said, I CAN'T BEAT IT! You happy, now?"

Hiccup nodded. "I told you."

"'I told you'" Astrid mimicked, "God I really hate you sometimes."

"It's not my fault your ego is so big," Hiccup responded. Astrid punched him in the shoulder. "Ow!" Hiccup exclaimed.

"That's for being a wise-ass," she then hugged him, "and thats for being honest." The brunet boy blushed. Astrid saw this and scowled.

"But thanks to you, I'm now gonna need a lot of therapy in order to recover from this. All I can tell you Hiccup is f**k this game and f**k you for making me play it." Astrid huffed angrily. "Now if you'll excuse me, I need something to drink." And with that she walked toward Hiccup's kitchen.

"She's the Angry Video Game-" Hiccup sang but was cut off.

"OH SHUT UP!"

"...mistress," Hiccup finished silently. 'My girlfriend. My angry, short-tempered girlfriend.'

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><p>AN: Oh, Astrid. Thinking you can do anything!

End
file.